The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE PERFECT SCHOLAR

We Christians are right in thinking of our Lord as the great teacher; and this is the joy and comfort of every disciple who has a wish to learn. But the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews reminds us that our Lord was a great scholar also. He learned to speak at his mother's knees. He studied life as the elder brother in a family of growing children. Like all the rest of us, he learned how to deal with neighbors. He attended the school of sorrow and "learned obedience by the things which he suffered," as well as in the synagogue school of Nazareth. Adventure and responsibility and circumstance were his teachers. And this must be a comfort and upholding to us when we find life's lessons difficult and are tempted to assert that the Divine Teacher has made hard rules and is at times unreasonable in his demands upon us.

It should help to lift us out of our complaining to remember that we are "taught of God to love one another." It is part of the perfect humanity and brotherhood of Jesus that it was his experience to study for the most part in the school of life. He, too, like Enoch, walked with God through earth's experiences. He entered wholly into our humanity. In regard to the times and seasons, he expressly disclaimed omniscience. You remember that he said, "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is." As a graduate of the school of earth he spoke and it should be a joy to us that we may claim him as a schoolmate and a brother, who "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

It requires some breadth of the imagination to make real to our own thought that we are not yet graduated from the school of life. The incitement to persuade ourselves that we "know it all" besets us, with its following temptation to despise others and their opinions. There come, on the contrary, clarifying moments when we feel the uncertainty of our attainments and it suddenly becomes clear to us that we are ignorant and are put here on earth especially that we may learn. The moment we are beyond the will to learn, we are beyond the reality of life. A teachable spirit is the best equipment a child can have for his education. It quickens the senses until without conscious effort or feeling of strain he is constantly acquiring impressions from the world about him, and from all the people whom he meets, in contrast with some we know, who either will not, or cannot, learn except by repeated applications of birch tonic or scolding sauce. Others are always learning, though they were never sent to school. They gather and store away observation, as the bees from a thousand flowers gather honey for their hives.

We could ask for no better illustration of this education by observing than is afforded by the recorded words of Jesus. That he went to the public school of Nazareth, I suppose there is no doubt. But note how, in his conversation and his parables, he shows the training of his senses, and the storing of his observations as the food of thought. The nature and the human nature which he knew as boy and man in Galilee are the perpetually recurring background of his speaking. There is no straining after novelty, no invention of imaginary conditions. The home life and the village life are there,

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and echoes of the village talk. He notes the flowers of the field and the birds of the air and evidently loved them, just as children do in the country places nowadays. And with what simplicity and power he uses these recollections to bring his teaching home to men in all the ages since!

Here is another proof and test of brotherhood with Christ, another suggestion of our opportunity wherever we are placed today. Let no one complain that he has missed a chance of education who has not looked upon the world about him with such observing eyes. I would not make light of school and college training, but for these, too, the necessary instrument in this absorbing and observing mind, this appetite for knowledge without which a boy may attend school and walk through books and libraries, getting very little genuine education. If I could insure in any boy or girl I know this power of gaining knowledge anywhere, of observing and remembering, this sense of proportion and power of putting this and that together which we recognize in him who is our brother, I should have little fear that he would fail to grow up as an educated man and find his place of joy and usefulness in life.

—Isaac Ogden Rankin in
Boston Transcript.

THE MASTER WEAVER

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod.
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

—*Writer Unknown.*

PRAYER

Oh Lord God, thou hast searched and known us. Thou understandest our thoughts afar off. Whither shall we go from thy spirit or whither shall we flee from thy presence. If we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea even there thy hand shall lead us and thy right hand shall hold us.

Teach us, Oh Thou Giver of all good, that thou hast given us all things richly to enjoy. Remind us of the obligation that comes with each and every blessing. Cause us to know that we are responsible for the use we make of the powers and capacities with which thou hast endowed us.

We do not ask thy blessing upon our lives, our friends, our homes, our Country and our institutions of Industry, Education and Religion so much as we ask that we may be more worthy of the labors, struggles and sacrifices of our noble dead; through whom thou hast wrought great glory; those who have made it possible for us to possess the true blessings of life, truth, freedom and happiness.

We do not remember before thee those for whom we should pray so much as we ask for grace, wisdom and power to comfort those who mourn, give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Grant that what we supremely desire for ourselves we supremely desire for others. May we bear and forebear, forgive as we hope to be forgiven, judge as we would be judged, seek thy truth and obey thy will. So may that spirit be in us that was in Christ. Forgive us our sins of commission and omission and lead us ever onward and upward in the path of duty and love and service. Amen.

—Rev. Frederic W. Smith.

On sober second thought I am not sure that I know what is a tribulation and what a blessing. I'm not positive I would know a blessing should I see it coming up the street.—*Anon.*

GALILEO AND THE TELESCOPE

Galileo went to Venice whenever he could escape from his innumerable occupations. He loved to see his friends, attend meetings in Morosini's house, or browse among the newest editions at the libraries. During a visit there in 1609 he heard a rumor.

It seemed that in Flanders an optician had presented Count Maurice de Nassau with an instrument that brought distant objects nearer, and magnified them. There was great amazement. Some gave ear to this mysterious proposition, others shrugged sceptically, but nobody knew anything definite about it.

Some of the genuinely interested tried to get further information at the libraries regarding the construction of this instrument, but it was impossible to get hold of any actual facts. It was generally dismissed as a legend and a myth.

Galileo had a sudden inspiration. His keen mind glimpsed the possibility of this apparently fantastic invention. He left his friends and started back to Padua the same day, too deeply absorbed even to make his adieus. Within twenty-four hours he had figured it out and promptly constructed a similar instrument. He immediately wrote his apologies to his friends and told of the reason for his aberration.

The Dutchman who had made his first telescope was just an ordinary optician. He knew how to make lenses, but was completely ignorant of all the laws of both optics and geometry. He was a workman, not a scientist. By the merest chance, while manipulating glasses for ordinary spectacles, he happened to look through two of them at the same time. One was concave, the other convex. Holding them at a certain distance from his eyes he instantly realized the effects, and promptly set to work to make the glass which he presented to the Count of Nassau. . . .

Galileo reconstructed the accidental discovery of the Dutch optician with the utmost ease. But he was not content with merely accomplishing this much. He went further. Calculating with mathematical precision, he sought to discover the curve of the lenses and the spacing necessary in order to obtain the maximum magnification of distant objects.

This was essentially a mathematical domain and Galileo quickly established the formulas which gave full value to the discovery. Once he had perfected the theory of the apparatus, there was nothing left to do but perfect the material, obtain the best lenses and the most desirable tubes to hold them together.

Slowly but surely he succeeded, and thanks to his perseverance and the thoroughness of his theories, he opened the path to limitless progress.

Galileo's many friends in Venice, delighted with his success, waited for him impatiently, longing to handle and test this marvelous instrument. On the twenty-first of August, 1609, two months after his previous departure, he realized their wishes.

—EMILE NAMER, in "Galileo, Searcher of the Heavens." Translated and adapted from the French by SIBYL HARRIS.

THOUGHTS

My mind is dressed in lovely clothes,
Dreams made of gold and blue and rose.
I cannot always go away
When I would like, but every day
My mind goes traveling afar
To ports as distant as a star.
In books I journey far from home;
Across a thousand seas I roam.

My mind can build a thousand things,
And in my heart their wonder rings,
And all their strangeness is to me
Beauty to touch and sights to see.

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

ONE AT A TIME

An element of weakness in much of our resolving is that we try to grasp too much of life at one time. We think of it as a whole, instead of taking the days one by one. Life is a mosaic, and each tiny piece must be cut and set with skill.

—*Selected.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

The many fine testimonials in the September issue illustrate the importance of a *regular correspondent.* We cannot stress this part of the work too strongly. We suggest that you, as Cheerful Letter Chairman, go over your Alliance list to see if you cannot contact new members for your Committee, especially those who would be willing to adopt a *regular correspondent.* At this time there is a waiting list for cheerful letters. An opportunity you will enjoy and at the same time be a great help to some lonely or discouraged shut-in.

CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents* and it might be well to make a second choice.

1. Mrs. Bell R. Foley, R. 2, Stuart, Va., is 58 years old with a family of eight grown children. They attend the Methodist Church which only holds services once a month. She sends a friendly handclasp across the miles hoping it will reach some one who will care to carry on a monthly correspondence.

2. We have been reading some of your *Cheerful Letter* literature and it appeals to us very much. Having just moved to this remote section of the State we are not acquainted very much. A cheerful correspondence would help Mrs. A. S. White, Crabtree, Ark., a 30-year-old mother with five girls, ages 4-12.

3. I want to adopt a regular correspondent and I hope my wish will be granted. We live in a pretty poor part of the town, but I am able to get to Church regularly. I have four children, three boys, ages 9, 7, and 5; and one girl, age 2. Mrs. W. S. Brammer, R. 1, Floyd, Va.

4. Mrs. Lucy Grady, R. 3, Spencer, Va., writes that she is a rheumatism sufferer and cannot get out in the winter. Now that fall is here she asks for a regular correspondent to help pass off the lonesome hours to come. She is 43 years old and has four children.

5. I am writing you for a *regular correspondent* because I get lonely. My husband is employed by the Public Works and I am home with a 2-year-old girl. I am a great hand with the needle

but as times are like they are I don't have anything to do with. Mrs. Fairie Bailey, Kensett, Ark.

6. Mrs. Roscoe Granitte, Daisy, Tenn., asks for a *regular correspondent.* She is 28 and has two boys and two girls, ages 2-10.

7. Will someone correspond regularly with Miss Bernice Mark, B. 264, Ansonville, N. C.? She is 20 years old and lives in a small town.

8. Mrs. John R. May, Clifton, N. C., has been without a correspondent for two years. She is 41 years old and has two girls, ages 2 and 4. Her neighborhood is a quiet one and news from the outside world would be her idea of cheer.

9. Mrs. Taft Farmer, formerly Miss Gincy Duvall, Rugby, Va., writes us again. After her marriage she lost track of her correspondent and wants a new one. She is 22 years old and an attendant of the Primitive Baptist Church.

10. Mrs. George Vaisin, R. 2, B. 107a, Plaquemine, La., writes a sad letter and here is a place where a cheerful letter is really needed. She is 45 years old and the mother of nine children, ages 7-19, two deceased. All her married life she has had sickness of some kind in her family and she writes highly of aid by the Red Cross, the Church, and her pen friend. She has spent every available penny on her children and they still need her help. Her path in life has been a dark one. She longs to attend church but the bus fare is out of the question. However, she reads her Bible faithfully and feels God helps her to bear her burdens.

APPEALS

These Appeals are not to be taken as *regular correspondents* and need not be answered a second time. We recommend the sending of pens, pencils and paper to families where there are children in the elementary grades. A few school supplies mean a great deal to the youngster starting the fall term.

1. I am just a lone widow with one son who is not stout. I am 60 years old and not able to work and live on rented land situated in a hollow at the road. I do wish you would print my letter so that some good friends will send me some quilt scraps, sugar bags, and any good reading. Mrs. Matilda Jones, Silas Creek, N. C.

2. Mrs. Winnie Weaver, Whitetop, Va., lives in the hills of Virginia about three miles from town. She has seven small children and is anxious to make quilts for the coming winter. Anyone having scraps or pieces for linings will please send them on.

3. I have been told about the Cheerful Letter Exchange and hope you will listen to my story. We live in the country and farming is our occupation. Since the depression has been on, seems like we cannot make a thing and we work hard all the time with little result. Now you see how lonely and blue we get, so perhaps you can send some sunshine in the way of pictures, books, puzzles or old magazines. Mrs. Grover Cleveland Reese, R. 1, B. 127, Malakoff, Tex.

4. Mrs. Maude DeMoss, R. 1, Locust Grove, Okla., has not heard from the Exchange for a long time. She is 49 years old and has six children, ages 18-32. The family attends the Baptist Church regularly and would enjoy reading of any kind.

5. This 29-year-old girl finds the days dreary and lonely since her mother died. She seeks cheer in the way of any kind of reading. Miss Ida West, Grassy Creek, N. C.

6. Mrs. J. R. Snyder, R. 1, Lawsonville, N. C., tells of her husband who is in a hospital with epileptic fits. Also mentions that she and her two boys, ages 4 and 7, are lonely. Cheer along the line of sewing materials, books, paper and pencils would clear away some of the clouds.

7. I am a mother of four small children, three boys and one girl, and live in the mountains of North Carolina. I also take care of my orphan brother who is 13. If it isn't asking too much, I would appreciate some quilt scraps, and books and pictures for the children. Mrs. Floyd Stamper, Husk, N. C.

8. Mrs. Martha Brown, R. 2, Soddy, Tenn., writes several letters and particularly requests Bible readings for a daughter. Mrs. Brown is 40 years old with a boy 20 and a girl 18. The husband has been dead five years and the family have found it quite a struggle to earn a living. If any reading matter is on hand anywhere she is hopeful they will not be forgotten.

9. I have 10 children and not very strong. I could use some salt or sugar sacks for quilt linings, also some quilt scraps. Mrs. William Wilcox, Husk, N. C.

10. I am a widow with three children, one girl, age 16, and two boys, ages 14 and 11. My husband has been dead seven years and there is no one to earn a steady income. Just now I have a position cleaning the office furniture, so that helps out a bit. My idea in writing the Exchange is to see if I could get some reading for the family. Any religious literature would be appreciated, too. Mrs. Susie Smith, Bassetts, Va.

11. Here is a shut-in who is troubled with indigestion and heart trouble, so cannot accomplish very much. Her family are renters and find it quite difficult to make a living. Quilt scraps seem to be the item we can fill. Mrs. Stella Wyatt, Whitetop, Va.

12. Mrs. Ruby Henderson, R. 2, B. 187, Dayton, Tenn., is 17 years old and has one girl, age 18 months. She is particularly interested in having her baby girl receive some story books and pictures. Quilt pieces may be included in the package.

13. A lonely woman is Mrs. Bula Foster, Landis, Ark., although she has a husband in poor health and three little boys. However, she wants to get in touch with someone who will send religious reading and quilt scraps. The days seem so long and dreary.

14. I am a young married woman with no family. Our home is on a farm and during crop time we work terribly hard. Good reading and something to sew would more than please. Mrs. Opal Ragland, Tilly, Ark.

15. This lonely day finds me writing to the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. My first husband died when my little girl was 11 months and these past years have been hard, trying to keep her in school. My second husband broke his arm and hasn't been able to work for some time. It would help so much to have a few quilt pieces and magazines. Also something for the 11-year-old daughter. Mrs. Walter Parks, Grant, Va.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Sue Quinsenberry, Bumpass, Va.

NOTICE TO SHUT-INS

Christmas is a long way off—but in order to take care of the many Appeals it is a good plan to write Christmas letters early in the season, or, at least, by November 23. Please do not ask for clothing or money. It is against the rules and all letters containing requests of this sort will receive no consideration. It is impossible to print every letter, but attention will be given all regular members by the Exchange or the shut-in's *regular correspondent.*

As usual, this Department has on hand a supply of used Christmas cards and several scrapbooks. Shut-ins interested in same will please make application to Mrs. Hurst as early as possible.

TREE 2000 FEET TALL DISCOVERED IN TEXAS

In that little-explored area, situated to the east of the Chisos Mountains, in the Big Bend region of the Rio Grande, are the petrified remains of a forest which in extent and size of its trees make the famous sequoias of California mere lilliputians by comparison.

The discovery of the remains of a long-past age was made in 1927 by Dr. Q. O. Gaither of Fort Worth and S. I. Cade of Chandler, two reputable geologists. They came upon the giant prostrate tree trunks and stumps of mammoth size quite by accident, while on a vacation trip through the almost inaccessible region.

They later made other visits to the forest and fortified their statements of

the great sizes of the trees by taking photographs of them. These pictures have been submitted to other scientists, some of whom are loth to accept the reported discovery as genuine.

Several expeditions have gone in search of the forest, but with the exception of those made by Gaither and Cade none was able to locate it. It is planned by geologists who are members of the National Park survey group in camp in the Chisos Mountains to make a thorough exploration of the petrified forest and other little known parts of the Big Bend.

One of the trees in this extinct forest, due to its size was not at first recognized as a tree, said Dr. Gaither.

"In its life, which probably was in the Cretacious Period, this tree rose to heights of between 2000 and 3000 feet.

"Its trunk is all that remains, and the stump is about 50 feet high. This is petrified, as are some 15 other smaller ones in the neighborhood. It is from 1000 to 1200 feet around the base.

"Fragments of these fallen giants of the woods are to be seen everywhere. One weighs about 100 tons.

"In the unchartered valley, 92 miles southwest of the nearest railroad at Alpine, the stumps are all that remain of the once mammoth trees. The trees have seen volcanic eruptions. Nearby one may see the crater of an extinct volcano, and also pumice stones and volcanic ash formations.

"This, however, has not disturbed the stumps nor mutilated them. They are clearly defined, and one may see the grain of the wood and the knot holes. Some of these knot holes are large enough for a man to crawl into."—*Selected.*

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE

A very silent place a mountain was, wee Shane Campbell thought, not a lonely, but a silent place. A lonely place was a place you might be afraid, as in a wood, but a mountain was only a place apart. Down in the fields were the big brooks, with the willow branches and great trout in the streams; and fat cattle would low with a foolish cry like a man wouldn't be all there, and come home in the evenings to be milked, satisfied and comfortable as a minister; wee calves shy as babies, goats would butt you, and you not looking; hens a-cackle, and cocks strutting like a militiaman and him back from the camp; quiet horses had the strength of twenty men, and scampering colts had legs on them like withes. Up here was nothing, but you never missed them.

The only thing to break the silence up here was the cry of an occasional bird, the plaintive call of the plover, the barking of an eagle, the note of the curlew, a whinny as of a horse of Lilliput, the strange noise a pheasant makes and it rising from the heather: whir-r-r, like a piece of elastic snapping. Barring these you'd hear nothing at all. And barring a mountainy man or woman, and they cutting turf, you'd meet nothing unless it were the sheep. . .

But up to the top of the mountain, where wee Shane was going, you'd find no sheep; too bare and rocky there. There'd be nothing there but a passing bird. On the top of the mountain was a little dark lake into which you couldn't see more than a foot, though they said the depth of it went down to the sea. There were no fish in it, people said, and that was a queer thing, water without fish in it, wee Shane thought, like a country without inhabitants. In the sea were a power of fish, and in the rivers were salmon, long and thick as a man, and pike with snouts and ominous teeth, and furry otters, about which there was great discussion as to whether they were fish or animal. . . .

In the lake in the lowlands—Lochkewn, the Quiet Lake—were trout with red and gold and black speckles; and perch with spiked fins; and dark roach were easy to catch with a worm; and big gray bream were tasty as to bait, needing paste held by sheep's wool; and big eels would put a catch in your breath.

But in the lake on the mountaintop were no fish at all, and that was a very strange thing.

—Donn Byrne

OLD SONGS FOR NEW

The narrow, rocky road climbed steeply. Every so often glimpses of the wind-swept lake could be caught between the tossing pine trees. The steep, little road wound up from the summer cottages down by the sandy beach. It ran through the woods and joined the main highway for a short distance; then, turning off, it ran up over the crest of the hill to Higgins' Dairy.

Every evening Johnnie Higgins delivered milk and fresh vegetables to the summer cottagers. Mr. Higgins could not understand why I should prefer to climb the hill, skirt the woods, and crest the hilltop after the milk, when it could be delivered. Seeing Johnnie Higgins' grinning, freckled face each evening was an inducement, but there were other things as well.

Once I had seen a young deer standing beneath the pine trees, gazing at me with soft brown eyes. And then there was the pasture near the hilltop, where Mr. Higgins kept his horses. My hand felt the pocket of my jersey to make sure of the lump sugar I had put there. Mr. Higgins, I had heard, rented saddle horses to the summer visitors.

So one day, shortly after arriving at the lake, I climbed the steep little road to see about renting a saddle horse for the summer.

Mr. Higgins led the way to the pasture and leaned upon the pasture bars. With a sweeping gesture of his arm, he indicated the horses within. Doubtfully my eyes swept over Black Beauty, Bess, Queenie and Prince, who, for the most part, were peacefully sleeping, their heads drooping low.

"I'd like your best saddle horse," I said finally.

Mr. Higgins was firm. "You can take your pick," he said. "My price is one dollar a week. I don't go in for fancy stock, and even if you should offer me a dollar fifty I couldn't do any better. Take any one you like."

I was still unable to decide between Black Beauty, Bess, Prince and Queenie. And in the meantime I daily paused at the pasture bars on my way for the milk.

I dangled the milk bottles over the gate. They clanked musically. Black Beauty, Bess, Prince and Queenie pricked up their ears and came loping across the pasture toward me. The clanking milk bottles were now capable of waking them from a sound sleep. It was our signal.

I took the lump sugar out of my pocket and held out my hand to each in turn. Their noses were soft against my palm.

With a last lump of sugar all round, I left the pasture and started across the hilltop to the Higgins house. It had its back squarely to the view of the lake, which could be caught at either end of the windbreak of cedar trees that Mr. Higgins had set out many years ago. "That wind, off the lake, gets monotonous," Mr. Higgins said. The cedar trees successfully shut off the wind, the space between the house was warm and still. Here Mrs. Higgins had her vegetable garden. The young carrots, the lettuce, radishes and onions.

The kitchen door stood open and I stepped over the sill. A kettle bubbled on the stove. Mrs. Higgins was rolling out a pie crust. A bowl of blackberries stood near-by, ready to be poured into the crust.

She looked around and smiled. "Can you wait just a moment till I get this pie in the oven? Johnnie is so fond of blackberry pie."

"Of course," I said. I watched Mrs. Higgins deftly lift the upper crust and fit it over the blackberries. She pressed the prongs of a fork around the edges. Then she glanced at the clock.

"It's time Johnnie was getting back to take the milk around; but, when he gets over to Enumshaw, he forgets everything, listening to the radio."

"He likes to go over to town, I suppose," I replied.

She nodded. "Ever since he started going to High School over there, I can't keep him away. He has made a lot of friends in Enumshaw."

"That's easy to understand," I said.

"I wish Johnnie would ask his friends to come up here sometimes. It would be nice for Father and me, too, but he won't.

He just goes off there every chance he gets." A little frown appeared between Mrs. Higgins' clear blue eyes. "He says his friends in Enumshaw have overstuffed furniture in their front rooms and radios. Johnnie is wild about radios." Mrs. Higgins carried the pie over to the oven and shoved it in.

"I tried to get him one," Mrs. Higgins went on, "but since the hauling is cut off things aren't what they used to be. Renting saddle horses don't bring in much either. But the last time I went to town I thought of a plan. It seemed a good one but . . . Here, I'll show you."

Mrs. Higgins led the way down a narrow hall and opened a door. A musty smell greeted me. She went across the darkened room and snapped up the shades at two narrow windows.

The floor was covered with Brussels carpet. A marble-topped table stood in the center of the room, with a large volume bound in blue plush lying on it. A Boston rocker stood beside the table, with crochet tidies on the back and arms.

Mrs. Higgins pointed. "I offered to turn in my organ for a radio for Johnnie, but they only offered me five dollars for it. It's worth more than that, don't you think so?"

Against the wall stood an old organ. Green silk gleamed between the carved scroll work. The pedals were covered with squares of green carpet. Johnnie's grinning, freckled face flashed before me. And Mrs. Higgins' worried frown. Suddenly I heard myself saying: "Mrs. Higgins, I have a radio. What do you say if we exchange?"

Mrs. Higgins' face was filled with conflicting emotions. "Why, dearie, I hardly know what to say. Do you think that would be a fair exchange?"

"Of course," I said, "and it will be a good chance for me to learn to play the organ."

As I passed the pasture, on the way home, I saw Black Beauty, Bess, Queenie and Prince still standing expectantly at the pasture bars.

It was later that I heard a creaking coming down the little road that led to the cottage by the lake. Mr. Higgins and Johnnie were on the seat of the spring wagon, and behind stood the organ. It seemed to me the organ looked surprised to find itself in such a situation. And it still looked surprised when Johnnie and Mr. Higgins lifted it out and carried it into the cottage and put it down between the two wide windows.

They picked up the radio and bore it off. Johnnie was talking of hook-ups and programs, his blue eyes gleaming.

After a moment, he reappeared in the doorway. He cleared his throat. "If you should find you like the radio best, I'll bring it back to you," he said.

I tried not to look at the organ. It would fit in better after a while, I thought.

It was later, when I heard the splash of oars dipping in the lake and the creak of oar locks that I gazed squarely and with chagrin at the old organ. A moment later a crowd of young people swarmed over the wide veranda.

"Turn on the radio," someone cried. There was a dash inside and then silence. There was a smothered exclamation and then a shout. "Play it, somebody!"

A groan came from the old organ and then slowly chords sounded. Then "Just a Song at Twilight" drifted out across the lake. And then everyone began to sing. Softly at first and then louder. "In the Gloaming" followed. Lovely harmonies.

The moon was paling over the water before the singing stopped.

"The most fun we ever had."

"We will have sings every night," came from the row boats, as they pushed off from shore.

Out across the lake drifted old tunes. "Seeing Nellie Home," "Kathleen Mavourneen," the voices accompanied by an old organ. But from the hilltop, if the wind is in the right direction one could catch strains of a radio playing gay programs, Eastern Standard Time.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Life is not a matter of always winning, but of always trying.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HUTTEE BOY AND CURLY TRUNK GO FOR A WALK

It seemed to Huttee Boy that his baby sister, Curly Trunk, never would be big enough to leave their mother and to roam with him in the Jungle.

One morning he looked at Mem Saheb Elephant with little Curly Trunk playing about her feet and squealed: "Oh, Mother, Curly Trunk is getting smaller and smaller."

His mother smiled and went on gathering banana leaves for her breakfast.

Then Huttee Boy looked at the big elephant sentinel, Gunda, and again at Curly Trunk.

"My trunk, Mother!" squealed the little fellow. "She is shrinking every minute."

At this, the laugh which Mem Saheb Elephant keeps in her trunk hopped out and frisked about the Jungle. Mem Saheb shook her head and went on gathering leaves.

In a few minutes his great-grandfather, the largest elephant in the whole Jungle, sauntered by. Huttee Boy looked from him to his baby sister and squealed louder than ever: "Look at Curly Trunk now. She is no bigger than a rabbit."

Mem Saheb squinted her small elephant eyes and looked at her little daughter. Said she: "To me Curly Trunk looks quite big enough to go for a short walk alone with you. If you stand her up beside a rabbit you will see what a fine big child she is."

Huttee Boy danced about for joy, trumpeting: "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

Off trotted the two little elephants, happy as happy could be. Huttee Boy wanted to show Curly Trunk to all his little Jungle friends, but first he wished to find a rabbit so that he might see what a fine big child she really was.

Now, as you know, the dust of the trail is the guidebook for the Jungle creatures, so Huttee Boy kept watching the trail for the footprints of a rabbit. And before long he saw them, just as clearly as you might read in a book. Yes, a rabbit had been along the trail only a short time before, then it had darted off under some bushes.

Before following the footprints, Huttee Boy said to Curly Trunk: "Now you stay here while I go and find the rabbit. And remember good children do everything they are told."

Curly Trunk opened her eyes wide and asked: "Do good children do every everything they are told?"

Replied Huttee Boy: "Yes, every everything."

Curly Trunk flapped her ears and rolled her eyes and repeated: "Every everything."

Huttee Boy plunged into the thick Jungle, following the rabbit's prints till they were lost in the grass. When his eyes could no longer trace the rabbit, he sniffed the air with his clever trunk for its scent, but no rabbit could he find. So he turned and went back to the place where he had left Curly Trunk. But no Curly Trunk was to be seen. No, she had disappeared as completely as the rabbit.

He dashed about, one minute calling Curly Trunk and the next minute wailing, "What will Mother say? What will Mother say?"

Then he remembered the Jungle Guidebook and began looking for his sister's footprints. Soon he saw her prints and followed them as fast as he could go, trumpeting and squealing.

First the prints went this way, then that way, here and there, everywhere and nowhere.

"My trunk, what a silly child!" snorted Huttee Boy.

Before long he overtook her. Riding upon her roly-poly back were half a dozen monkeys. The monkeys chattered and laughed and told her to run first this way, then that way. So little Curly Trunk was whirling about in every direction.

Huttee Boy began to scold her: "Why didn't you stand under that tree as I told you? I said you must do everything

you were told."

"I am doing everything I am told. Every everything," panted little Curly Trunk as she whirled this way and that at the command of the monkeys. "The monkeys told me to take them for a ride—so—I—did."

Huttee Boy stood watching her dart about and wondered what he ought to say next. "Whew!" he sighed. "My trunk!"

"Can't you say something to stop me?" gasped Curly Trunk.

Before he could think of anything to say, they heard their mother calling them. The prankish monkeys scampered away and the little elephants ran to find their mother. When they told her what had happened, she laughed and said: "This shows that Curly Trunk should go to school and learn the Wisdom of the Jungle. And Huttee Boy still has much to learn, too."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

SAW GRASS AND CYCLONE

By MARTHA YOUNG

"I know! I know!" boomed the Big Frog. "I know! I know!"

What Frog saw was the rare bloom on the Saw Grass, that grass with the saw-like teeth down the edges.

"What do you know, Old Brother?" asked the Crawfish. A smooth-shelled fellow was Crawfish in those early days, not a wrinkle or a ridge in his hard, slick coat of shell; a bold, forward, pushing fellow, who felt as if he owned the earth, especially the wet part of it.

"What do you know, Old Brother?" repeated Crawfish.

"I know! I know!" boomed Brother Frog. What he knew was what the Red Men know; that when Saw Grass blooms it is a sign of wind and rising water and storm. At least, so the Indians believe. When the Saw Grass blooms, the Indians hurry to the thick forests, the everglades, where they hope to be safe from the worst of the storm.

When the old Frog had told all this to slick young Crawfish, he begged his listener to run forward on his eight legs and seek safety. But Crawfish only laughed at the wise old Frog.

Then Frog begged Crawfish: "Don't doubt! Don't doubt!"

But Crawfish was one of those who thought doubting is smarter than believing; so instead of going forward to seek safety and to tell others what old Frog had said, Crawfish went backward, the way of all doubters, and backward goes Crawfish to this day.

"Oh, believe! Oh, believe!" boomed Frog as he hopped to safety as fast as he could with his four uneven legs. And, at every hop, skip, and jump, he called: "Big storm! Big storm!" so that all who believed the wisdom of the old might also get to safety.

The storm burst, the worst ever known on that Southern coast.

Crawfish was so amazed at the terror and the power of the storm which he had not believed was coming at all, that his eyes nearly popped out of his head, and pop-eyed is he to this day.

Crawfish was picked up by the wind and lashed by the water and tossed about against this rock and that rock till he was broken into smithereens; when, after the cyclone, he healed up, the breaks in his once smooth shell were in wrinkles and ridges, and so is Crawfish to this day. So hard did he hold to the best root or rock that he could seize as the cyclone swept over the earth that all his strength went into his two fore nippers, and those nippers stretched and grew with the hard hold. What, to this day, has larger, stronger nippers than Crawfish?

Now when the booming voice of wise old Frog is heard calling: "I know! I know!" Crawfish is first to bow low—bow and listen to hear what it is that the wise old one knows.

When Crawfish hears: "Big storm! Big storm!" he makes ready to scuttle down into his hole. When he hears: "Oh, believe! Oh, believe!" Crawfish *does* believe. Though he says nothing, Crawfish, cured of his unbelieving and his argumentative ways, is now quick to hear and believe what those wiser than he know.

—*The Christian Register.*

I am standing upon the seashore; a ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, "There, she is gone." Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her, and just at the moment when someone at my side says, "There, she is gone," there are other eyes that are watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!" and that is dying.

Your daily life is your temple and your religion.

Whenever you enter into it take with you your all.

Take the plow and the forge and the mallet and the lute.

The things you have fashioned in necessity or for delight.

For in revery you cannot rise above your achievements nor fall lower than your failures.

And take with you all men:

For in adoration you cannot fly higher than their hopes nor humble yourself lower than their despair.

—*Kahlil Gibran.*

"The serenity in his face bore that inner warmth which proceeds less from a state of mind than from a climate of soul." —*Ellen Glasgow.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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